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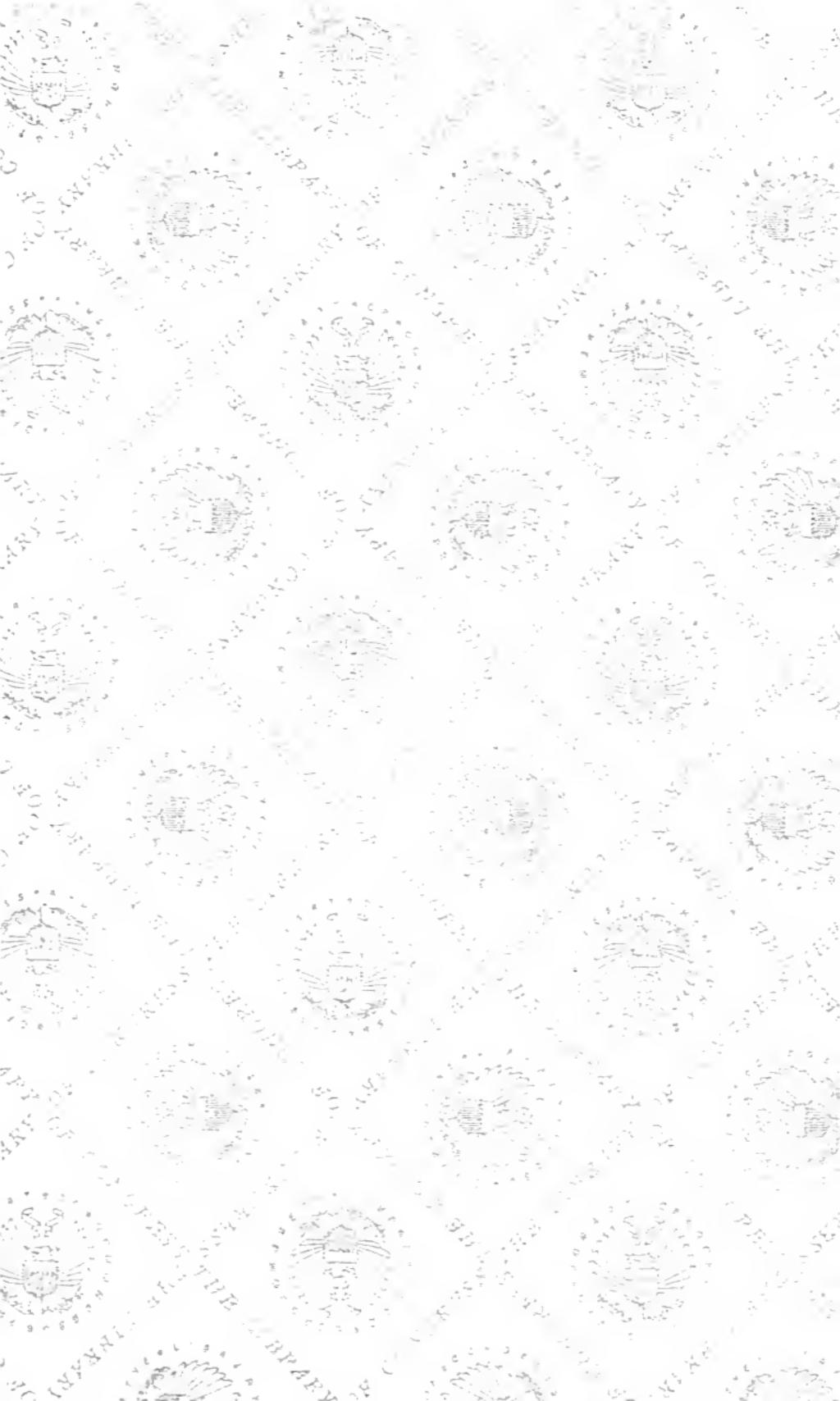
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TO THE DOGMATIST



*To the Dogmatist  
and other Poems*

By FRED D. WENTZEL

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## PROEM

**I** WAS a child, and they sent me out,  
With toddling step and gleeful shout,  
To know the Way of Life.

Bitter and sweet, 'mid thorns and flowers,  
Stretched the Road of the Passing Hours  
That is part of the Way of Life.

Flowers I plucked that I found not fair,  
But I plucked them here, and I plucked them  
there  
Along the Way of Life.

From the Garden of Thought and the Land of  
Deeds  
I snatched them out from the rankling weeds  
That darken the Way of Life.

I sheltered them all in the House of Rhyme  
To rescue their fragrance from the Winds of  
Time

That blow o'er the Way of Life;  
And plucking the flowers ever I go,  
For 'tis not for the sons of men to know  
The end of the Way of Life.



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## To the Dogmatist

WHEN I was a little romping boy,  
Wild as the weeds I played among,  
Gay as the robin's morning song,  
One with Nature the whole day long,  
You taught me, "I believe."

Your "Credo" had been but a curse to me:  
Mist to becloud my growing mind,  
Cell to imprison and chain to bind,  
Peopling with goblins the ghost-free wind,—  
But ne'er did I believe.

And now that I've grown to manhood's thought,  
Creeds are a sick'ning sham to me,  
Dogma is palling mockery,—  
Thinking my thoughts, not yours, I'm free,—  
Care I what you believe?

Tell me not to believe as you,  
I think my thoughts, think your thoughts, too!  
God's voice to me is forever new,  
Care I what it says to you?

TO THE DOGMATIST

The Forsaken Child of God

**N**IIGHT, and the stars, and God's pale moon,—

Peace in the heavens, but hark! what cry  
Wings through the stillness its weeping flight  
And wails as it passes, “Forsaken I!”

Armenia, Minerva's child,  
Whose wise and potent intellect  
Has nourished Europe's dying man,  
What aid from Heaven canst thou expect?

Jehovah is deaf,—mayhap he sleeps;  
Bring not to him thy gruesome woes:  
Reel o'er the desert, thou failing line,  
Die to the Kurds, thy libertine foes!

Dead is the State's once quivering heart,  
Dull is the edge of their righteous ire,  
Shorn of their anger and robbed of their  
wrath,  
Fearing the touch of Mars' fierce fire.

## AND OTHER POEMS

Weary, Armenia, with wind-blown dust,  
Mourning thy manhood left slain behind,  
Trailing in pain thy blood-shod feet,  
Hungry and thirsty,—no help canst find?

Lone in thy misery, lone in thy grief,  
Scattered to harem and slavery and shame,  
Martyrs to country and duty and faith,  
Vanishing, dying,—whose the blame?

Speed to Olympus thy prayers and vows,  
Rest not thy hope on God's awaking;  
He will not list though thy cry pierce heaven:  
Doomed is thy life, all Christians forsaking.

Where is the boasted sympathy  
Of them who feign to love thy kind?  
Where is their vengeance, where their power  
The lewd and raving beast to bind?

\*       \*       \*       \*

Over the Eden of Eve they pass  
Suffering, staggering, driven with steel  
Into the Hell of torture and lust—  
Is there none Armenia's cross to feel?

## TO THE DOGMATIST

Rise in your anger, America, rise !

Fling to the winds your pity and tears,  
Rouse swift your soul and stay the beast ;  
Hasten the end of his dying years !

Long has he scourged and ravished and torn,  
Purity weeps and innocence bleeds ;  
Afar from the land of the Prophet rings  
Armenia's cry, "I perish ! " Who heeds ?

AND OTHER POEMS

A Poem from Heine's "Die Harzreise"

I

ON the mountain stands a cabin  
Where the aged miner stays,  
Nearby rustle verdant fir trees,  
Beams the moon with saffron rays.

There's an armchair in the cabin  
Richly carved with wondrous care;  
He who sits on it is happy,  
For 'tis I am sitting there.

On the footstool sits the maiden,  
Props her arm upon my knee;  
Two wee eyes like stars of azure,  
Wee rose lips dyed crimsonly.

And the lovely stars of azure  
Gaze upon me heaven-fair,  
While she seeks with lily finger  
Rose-red lips with roguish air.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

No, her mother does not heed us,  
For she spins on busy loom;  
And her father plays the zither  
While he sings the olden tune.

And the maiden whispers softly,  
Softly, in an undertone;  
Many an important secret  
Trusts she to my ears alone.

“Since my auntie’s gone to heaven  
'Tis no longer ours to fare  
To the shooting match at Goslar;  
And how pleasant it is there!

“Here, however, it is lonely,  
On the chilling mountain height;  
And in winter we’re completely  
Snow-entombed and bleak bedight.

“And I am a timid maiden,  
And in child-like fear am I  
'Cause of evil mountain goblins  
Who at night their business ply.”

## AND OTHER POEMS

Sudden stops the darling lassie  
As if speech affrighted too,  
And with both wee hands she covers  
Her twin star-like eyes of blue.

Louder rustle moon-bathed fir trees  
And the spinwheel whirrs and hums;  
Intervening zither murmurs,  
Olden tune a-singing comes:

“Fear thou not, loved little maiden,  
What the evil goblins do;  
Day and night, loved little maiden,  
Angels keep their watch o'er you.”

## II

Fir trees with their emerald fingers  
Tapping at the window low;  
And the moon, the yellow Listener,  
Makes the whole room sweetly glow.

Father, mother, breathing softly  
In the sleeping chamber nigh,  
But we two, for pleasing chatter,  
Cannot close the wakeful eye.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

“That you’re aught too often praying,  
    Hard I find it to believe ;  
Quivering lips like yours betoken  
    Naught of prayer, as I conceive.

“Oh, that evil, freezing quiver,  
    How it frightens me each time !  
But my darksome fear is tranquil  
    At your eye’s pure gleam sublime.

“And I guess you’re not believing  
    What you ought believe the most,—  
Have you faith in God the Father,  
    In the Son and Holy Ghost ?”

“Ah, wee maiden, e’en in boyhood,  
    When on mother’s knee I sate,  
I believed in God the Father,  
    Sovereign ruler, good and great ;

“Who this wondrous world has fashioned,  
    Wondrous, too, the men thereon ;  
Who designed the heavenly orbits  
    For both stars and moon and sun.

## AND OTHER POEMS

“As I older grew, my lassie,  
Understood I more and more;  
Understood, and came to reason,—  
Now the Son I too adore:

“Lovely Son, who loving showed us  
All that love in man might be;  
In return, as ever happens,  
He was nailed upon a tree.

“Now that I have grown to manhood,  
Read each book, and seen each coast,  
Swells my heart, and deep within me,  
I adore the Holy Ghost.

“This one wrought the greatest wonders,  
And far greater works today;  
He has cleft the tyrant’s stronghold,  
Cleft the yoke of slaves away.

“Olden mortal wounds he’s healing,  
And reviving statutes old:  
Equal-born, men all are members  
Of one noble family fold.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

“He dispels the mists of evil,  
Superstition’s phantom gloom,  
Which our love and gladness soured,—  
Day and night our grinning doom.

“Knights a thousand, mighty armored,  
Has the Holy Ghost, choice aid,  
To fulfill his sovereign pleasure,  
And he makes them unafraid.

“Swords of theirs do brightly glitter,  
And their goodly banners wave.  
Yes, well might you, little maiden,  
Look upon a knight so brave.

“Now, then, look on me, my maiden,  
Fearless be your look and kiss;  
Even I am such a chosen  
Knight of Holy Ghost like this.”

## III

Still the moon itself is hiding  
Out behind the verdant pine;  
In the room our lamp dim flickers,  
Scarce of light gives any sign.

## AND OTHER POEMS

But my stars of heavenly azure  
Brighten up with shining rays,  
And the rose of carmine blushes,  
And the lovely maiden says :

“Tiny little people, elf-folk,  
Steal our bacon and our bread ;  
In the chest it lies at evening,  
And at morning it is fled.

“And the cat’s indeed a sore’ress,  
Day and night, at any hour,  
Creeping toward yon spirit-mountain,  
Toward the long-decayed old tower.

“In that place once stood a castle,  
Filled with joy and armor’s gleam :  
Knights resplendent, dames and pages  
Swung in dance of torchlight beam.

“Then were charmed both folk and castle  
By an evil-working witch ;  
Only ruins now are standing,  
Owls nest there in every niche.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

“But my sainted auntie told me  
If one right words fitting says,  
Nightly at the fitting hour,  
Yonder in the fitting place,

“Then again become the ruins  
Castle shining as of yore,  
Knights and dames and throng of pages  
Dance with merry hearts once more;

“And who has those right words spoken,  
His are then both folk and tower;  
Drums and trumpets pay low homage  
To his youthful lordly power.”

So there blossom elf-tale pictures  
From her mouth’s own little rose,  
And her eyes are beaming o’er them,—  
Azure starlight from them flows.

Then around my hands the maiden  
Twines her locks of golden hair,  
Gives my fingers names of fancy,  
Smiles, and ends her tale so fair.

## AND OTHER POEMS

All things in the quiet chamber  
View me with such friendly mien  
That the table and the cupboard  
Are to me as earlier seen.

Pleasing, solemn chats the wall-clock,  
Faint sounds from the zither seem  
Of their own accord to murmur,  
And I sit as in a dream.

“Now indeed’s the fitting hour,  
Here the fitting place is, too;  
Marvel would you if, my maiden,  
Fitting words I spoke for you?

“When I speak those words, the midnight  
Breaks in morning light and quakes,  
Brook and fir trees roar full louder,  
And the aged mountain wakes.

“Zither sounds and songs of pygmies  
From the mountain’s crevice ring,  
And out sprouts a flower-forest,  
Blooming like a madcap spring.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

“Flowers, daring, magic flowers;  
Broadened leaves and fable-hued,  
Perfumed, varicolored, passionate,  
Quivering as with life imbued.

“Roses, wild as flames of scarlet  
Sprinkled from this turmoil rise;  
Lilies, like clear crystal pillars,  
Shoot far upward to the skies.

“Large as suns the stars of heaven  
Downward look with yearning beam,  
Every lily’s giant chalice  
Fills with their descending stream.

“But we two ourselves, sweet maiden,  
More transformed by far are we,  
Gold and silk and gleam of armor  
Shimmer round us merrily.

“You, you have become the princess,  
This your hut the tower grand;  
Here are shouting, here are dancing  
Knights and dames and pages’ band.

## AND OTHER POEMS

“But now I, I have acquired  
You and all, both folk and tower;  
Drums and trumpets pay low homage  
To my youthful lordly power.”

TO THE DOGMATIST

To

THE western skies are seas of flaming  
bronze,

The noise of day is still; dusk's whisper comes  
To hush earth's weary men to rest. The light  
Grows dark, and Night on sable wings descends  
And broods o'er voiceless hill and silent dale.

'Tis dark, and loneliness unspeakable  
Engulfs my soul. But then with hope I turn  
Where mem'ry guards inviolate the only face I  
love:

And all the world is light. I need no sun,  
Nor moon nor stars to cheer my way, no path  
To guide my steps; to know thy noble heart  
Beats one with mine, to feel thy deepest trust,  
Thy richest sympathy, thy love, thy life,—  
All mine to cherish, yea, until the moon  
Shall wax and wane no more,—I crave no boon  
Besides. I care not for the gloom of night;  
If memory keep thy face I can defy  
The dark, for thou shalt be God's kindly light  
To cheer and lead my lonely soul aright.

AND OTHER POEMS

The Spirit of the American Indian Visits  
a Modern Soldier

I LAY with aimless gaze 'neath moon and stars  
That seeming dripped with blood my sword  
had shed,

When sudden heaven a spirit chieftain held,  
Who, sadly stern, in stinging accents said :

“From darkened wood where moonlight shadows  
play,

Where once the copper savage wooed love's  
mate

While Nature's varied music breathed sweet  
song,

I rose,—an Indian spirit called by fate.

“Above great cities lulled in sleep I soared,

A misty warrior clad in gauzy bands,

Out o'er the groaning waves of tortured seas

To Europe's crying voice and suppliant hands.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

“Canst wonder why this soul long centuries  
    flown

Should stir when heaven and earth groan deep  
    in pain,

When picture, statue, hope, and life’s ideals  
    All mingle in Mars’ caldron,—smoke and  
        flame?

“When you who curse with cultured Christian  
    grace

My bow and arrow, hatchet, knife, and spear  
Join hands with Death on land, in sea and air,—  
    Shall Justice slight the cause that I plead  
        here?

“Before your eastern foot touched western shore  
    I worshipped towering trees and running  
        brooks,—

All Nature, boundless, trackless, vast, my church;  
    The stars of heaven, bird, leaf, and blade, my  
        books.

“A strange new story came with bearded men  
    Of one who died both red and white to save,  
Who hated war and taught men better peace,—  
    How gladly did I trust what traitors gave!

## AND OTHER POEMS

“For traitors’ lands are crimsoned deep with  
gore,

A myriad beast-like men reel drunk with  
blood;

Your children, given no language but a cry,  
I cannot hear for roar of Martial flood.

“I see fair fertile fields a desert waste,  
Rich century-aged beauty wrecked and lost;  
Cathedral, temple, palace, vineyard gone,—  
What mortal, red or white, shall reck the cost?

“What has Death’s sable chariot left uncrushed?  
E’en heaven is black with arrows seeking  
hearts  
To pierce and kill; while hurrying, scurrying  
fright  
Seeks holes to hide, forsaking streets and  
marts.

“Is this how you would calm my warrior soul  
And teach the Golden Rule and love’s high  
law?

Oh! free my shackled people from your dream,  
And let them kneel to faithful stone in awe.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

“They need no spear of air nor monster shell  
To love, forgive, repent, believe, confess:  
What more than hollow, pulseless, Christless  
show  
Is a creed that veils a sword in readiness?

“What message have you now for barbarous  
men?  
The Prince of Peace whom war has lately  
slain?

Or ever Christ was preached to Indian heart  
My people knew the Spirit whence he came!

“They prayed, oft dreamed, oft longed for  
heavenly lands,—  
Blest hunting grounds, and fields, and morn-  
ing dew,  
And hills with Nature’s sunshine, wind, and  
snow,—  
There all the mind’s imaginings must come  
true.

‘Like yours their heart with deep pure passion  
stirred,  
Unflinching met reverses, wept in woe,  
Cried loud for love, grew hard with horrid hate,  
And blindly craved immortal heights to know.

## AND OTHER POEMS

“They knew the Spirit,—the Manitou of strength,  
Majestic power, and joy in battles won;  
But not the God of wisdom, beauty, love,—  
Do fighting priests teach aught of such an one?

“Old Europe, rich in lore and law and light,—  
Has she a living lesson for my kin,  
Of loftier love, or higher hope, or gentler life?  
Or is it sham and naught but death within?”

The vision fled. I wildly rose and strained  
My burning eyes to see, but it was gone.  
Yet deep within my soul one question flamed,—  
Red savage,—were not he and I both one?

TO THE DOGMATIST

Senior Class Poem

**I**T took the worm ten million years  
To wriggle up to man,  
And man has kept on wriggling up  
For years beyond my ken.

He left in fossils marks of strife  
That moved the vales to tears;  
And I am rich with joys and hopes  
Since he braved pains and fears.

In four short years I've learned the tale  
Of all that man has wrought  
In all the countless centuries  
He dared, and bled, and fought.

That I'm the heir of him who tamed  
The terrors of the past,  
Inflames my soul to be, like him,  
A man unto the last.

So let me, Freshman, tell the tale  
That makes men's lives sublime:  
The kingly man who ruled the past—  
We are, as he, divine!

AND OTHER POEMS

To the Girl of Dreams Unrealized

THE farmer boy quaffed cups of joy:  
Red schoolhouse of the vale  
Deep thrilled his heart with passion's start,—  
And thereby hangs a tale.

The lad learned more than schoolroom lore,  
And wiser grew with age;  
He came to know life's fuller glow  
Shed o'er experience's page.

Who taught with books and charmed with looks  
Has gone her own life's way;  
Another walks, another talks  
Where she once ruled the day.

But Time's swift stream reflects the gleam  
Of interest back again;  
With brightening eye and deepening sigh  
Guides he the poet's pen

To write fair lays for her who stays  
In the schoolhouse of the vale;  
He drinks her smile in gladness while,—  
But she must end the tale!

TO THE DOGMATIST

**Reveries of a Pessimist**

**I** PLUCKED a lily damp with dew,  
Its aqueous chalice glistening fair;  
I looked within its pure white walls,—  
An insect black lay dying there!

I met her in life's morning hours,  
When roseate hues gild all earth's dross;  
I saw her inward soul,—and then,  
My seeming gain was aching loss.

And so each beauty pleasing sight  
Is but the bright veneer of death,  
And friendship's fond illusion melts  
When truth may still deception's breath.

AND OTHER POEMS

Approach of Winter

**A** CUTTING wind whirls o'er the land,  
The northern herald, furious, wild;  
An avalanche of snowy force,  
A soul-ful life, and more,—a mind!

Small brooks are fringed with pendant ice,  
Their waters cold, as crystal clear;  
Long slender drooping willow whips  
Are writhing, lashing, snapping near.

On dreary fields high carrots wild,  
A myriad grasses, burdocks sere,—  
In all this death but one life's breath:  
Low fields of wheat, green waves of fear.

Low mountains raise chill lifeless peaks,  
The forest, wind-tossed, groans and weeps;  
Now through the rattling hurrying leaves  
The timid hare, quick-frightened, leaps.

Out from his resting place the buck  
Rears high broad antlers, whiffs the air,  
Invigorated bounds through space  
As hounds when wild with bugle's blare.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

Softly, silently, swiftly falling  
In milky whirls to earth below,  
The air, the tree, the field, the stream  
Live one with quivering flakes of snow.

Fierce wintry winds of winter blow;  
From fleecy clouds snow, sleet, and rain  
All mingle, fall, bedeck earth all,—  
Drear knell of winter sounds again.

## AND OTHER POEMS

### The Score

**O**N down the street dance merry feet,  
Ring merry bells, bright banners greet ;  
Six hundred strong they skip along  
To cleave the air with shout and song.  
Low-rumbling drum, fierce bursting bomb  
Of spirit loosed,—hear dead stones hum !  
With wondering eye men gather by  
And speak a quick and curious “Why ?”  
Bright arc lights gleam with brilliant sheen  
On human “Whys” that pavements screen :  
“What can these be, the things we see ?”  
Incline your ears and list to me.

You know the field, old Franklin field ?  
And did you dream old Penn could yield ?  
One score of years onlooking seers  
Despaired in gloom and doubt and fears.  
Now ? Small men ? Light men ? What if so ?  
Low pygmies lay high giants low !  
Let blood-wars rage, let statesmen sage  
O’erturn the world before its age :  
The states’ grim war, the red war’s gore  
Pale dim. Why ? 10 to 0 is the score.

TO THE DOGMATIST

On Founder's Day, March 10, 1915

**F**ORGET today; and, gliding slow along the fertile banks  
Let memory trace through mists of years the golden stream,  
To where amid the throes of this republic's painful birth  
Great minds gave source to life and thought that, gathering strength  
From mountain torrent, valley brook, and rain from heaven,  
Have poured their priceless waters into sea of state and national life.  
On either side her onward flow unaging, richly nourished leaf  
Bears wondrous fruit that curious youths do eager seek and gladly eat;  
For thus small minds grow big with truth that frees from falsely fair,  
And reverent sees the spiritual core of earth and sea and air  
And all that is; and thus hard hearts swell large with love

## AND OTHER POEMS

That overflows and floods the suffering world  
with pleasing cheer.

Oh, memory ; dwell upon the wealth of that great  
stream

Which gave to art and science, yea, to all the  
spheres of life,

Rich blood, new thought, and high ideals.

Forget today ; and gliding 'long her century-  
stretching flow,

Rejoice that thou art privileged by her banks to  
feed and grow.

NOTE : *Franklin and Marshall College was  
founded on March 10, 1787.*

## TO THE DOGMATIST

### To Dare to Think

*Goethean Literary Society Anniversary Poem,  
May 5, 1916.*

**T**O dare to think,—oneself to face  
Again the storm which primal man  
Beheld with quaking fear; to scan  
The dark'ning sky; again to pace  
Earth's fierce-blown shores to know God's plan

In Nature's frown and in her kiss;  
The tyranny of creed to scorn,  
And thoughts of centuried custom born;  
At old tradition's claims to hiss,  
To stop the past's too lavish horn;

To dare to think,—unfettered, free  
From mandates of the hoary years,  
From specters of primeval fears,  
From errors ancient priests decreed,—  
Free, though it cost a sea of tears!

I cherish all the past may yield  
Of truth and beauty, law and light,

## AND OTHER POEMS

Its gifts are priceless in my sight;  
With miser care its gold I shield,  
I reverence and confess its might.

I read with awe in wood and stone  
The blood-bought victories of my race,  
And as with wondering eye I trace  
Their upward climb, 'tis joy to own  
Such heroes, and to feel that place

Nor time has ever dimmed the gleam  
That lures men on o'er crag and fen  
To where, 'mid distant clouds, they ken  
Reality will crown their dream  
And bless the patient artisan.

I roam the past in memory,  
I walk the streets of Greece and Rome,—  
In every clime I find a home,  
For everywhere men feel, as I,  
The urge toward God, the endless poem

That sings man's immortality,  
And whispers low of nobler days  
When all earth's minor melodies,  
Caught up in one vast symphony,  
Shall swell and fill the heavens with praise.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

Of all the past am I a child,  
And gladly do I own my kin ;  
But in my life it ne'er shall win  
The throne of thought. Nor savage wild  
Nor cultured king shall rule within

The citadel of mind, where I  
In lonely solitude must sit,  
The king of it, the lord of it ;  
Where all the thoughts of history hie  
To do my will. 'Tis plainly writ

On life's great scroll that he who dares  
The magic of his thought to ply  
To pry into the how and why  
Of sun and storm,—he little cares  
For voices from the past. But high

Above their ceaseless clamoring noise  
He stands unmoved. Nor can Today,  
Too certain with its science, say,  
“ 'Tis thus and so.” He keeps the poise  
Of independence, hews his way

Where others fear, and spurns the path  
Which they, enslaved by custom, tread.  
He moves alone ; untouched by dread,

## AND OTHER POEMS

And careless of men's smile or wrath  
Pursues the gleam. And by it led

He flees the hold of error's thrall,  
And freer heights of truth attains  
Where Wisdom lofty-seated deigns  
To clear for him life's mysteries all:  
Its healing joys, its wounding pains.

To dare to think,—I love the past,  
The present is my happy gain;  
But let not past nor present reign  
In thought's dominion. Truth at last  
Shall come to me in Freedom's train.

TO THE DOGMATIST

Thoughts of an Anarchist

**L**AW is evil, man's own nature inly good;  
Highbrowed judges, despot kings, and  
tsars,—

All the varied tools of regulating force,  
Ne'er remove but deepen human scars.

Law is useless,—ever saying must and shalt,  
Holding cross and gibbet, every public shame,  
More than inward self-control and pride,  
Deeming love and inward justice but a name.

Law is chaining; cleave from righteous man his  
shackles,

Swing the door of human freedom open far:  
Up shall rise resplendent innate right;  
Out shall soar man's spirit sinless, sinful now.

Law is evil; heaven is lost to governed men.  
Therefore raze your thrones, forget the wicked  
past.

Dry your tears for human woes and myriad  
ills,—

Evil dies when outward law has breathed its last.

AND OTHER POEMS

Mother

**B**EFORE rich softening fireplace gleam, once  
raven night

Now snowy hair a halo bears of purest gold.  
To eyes grown dim through lengthening years,  
the mellow light

Faint image seems of fiery dreams,—a flame  
burnt old:

Who has not wildly dreamed in youth, nor wildly  
groped

For painless paths to royal heights, nor vainly  
hoped?

On rocking chair aged gray as she, absorbed in  
thought,—

No lily chalice kissed with dew, no sky deep  
blue,

No pearl so fair as she, whom God of love has  
wrought;

Life's mystery nothing yields more pure and  
true:

Although thou'rt manger-born, hast richer alms

## TO THE DOGMATIST

Than thy frail frame rocked safe within a mother's arms?

A mother's soul who can search out, so vast, so fine?

May mortal sound the fathomless depths of her deep thought?

On rocking-chair companion-old,—deep furrowed line

But vaguely paints the working mind with thinking fraught.

She hears not, sees not, feels not now, but deeply thinks;

Her wrinkled, folded hands lie still, her gray head sinks.

She thinks,—and may we guess she thinks of flesh and blood

That, of her travail born with pain, now racks with grief

The heart that starves for want of love,—heart torn by flood

Of stinging memories bitter sad beyond belief?

She thinks of sons gone forth to war, and what is nigh

## AND OTHER POEMS

A mother's bleeding heart whose sons in battle die?

The roar of curdling cannon's voice dread monster foe,

Horned, fanged, hell-born monster seems to waiting souls,—

Red monster in whose slimy train drags bloody woe,

Whose armored claws dash trusting hearts on treacherous shoals.

Her spirit quails beneath the weight, she sadly sighs;

But other thoughts increasing sad bedim her eyes:

She thinks of daughters sunk to shame. Oh! who can know

The rankling, throbbing, aching wounds that mother bears?

Pure, virtuous, whole her child she reared,—no whiter snow:

Men's craven lust its whiteness blacked in beastly lairs.

Or does the social vortex oft destroy earth's pure?

## TO THE DOGMATIST

Is not “I must” the law that binds her needful poor?

The mother’s voice shakes hard with pain, in sobs she speaks:

“Ere now has self ne’er moved my soul; e’en still my life

Is yours, O boy, O girl of mine; my spirit seeks But means to purge, or save, or bless. I bled in strife,

I bowed my back, my fingers bent,—what futile toil!

To feed desire’s ravening maw, or war’s red moil.”

She pauses, lifts her head, then swiftly speaks:

“My neighbor, too, has boys and girls, but they are small;

My soul thrills through with growing joy that greets

The dawn of Peace, when war shall be to children all

Sick thing of bones and spattered brains, of mingled gore,—

High flash from hell, low groan from heaven, curst thing of yore!

## AND OTHER POEMS

“The dawn of Peace, when purity, made money-free,

No more shall yield its crystal strength for food or drink.

I look beyond life’s present veil, and clear I see  
A world without a human soul near shame’s  
fell brink.

My neighbor, too, has girls and boys, but they  
are small;

Nor blood nor lust-chased need shall cause their  
souls to fall.

“Is earth a waste? Christ’s spirit steals across  
the waste:

Dust climbs to soul in grass and flowers, in  
plant and tree.

Is earth a darkened vault of tears? His angels  
haste

With torch of love: the weeping laugh, the  
vault-blind see.

I see earth’s Eden fair restored; men work with  
God,

And in His present bow the knee, or plow the  
sod.”

Unselfish heart! Thy joy from others’ joy is  
born!

## TO THE DOGMATIST

Thou art the spark divine of God, incased in  
clay:  
Thy wrinkled-hand and furrowed brow, thy  
stooping form,  
In service wrinkled, furrowed, stooped, calm  
wait the day  
When spirit bound by mortal flesh, from flesh  
made free,  
Shall join the sea whence spirits spring,—God's  
spirit-sea.

Thy soul,—is it not the fount whence all life's  
glories rise?  
Rich source of art, unfailing vine of deathless  
branch,  
Bright sun of warming light red-set in azure  
skies,  
Soft, soothing balm, earth's bleeding wounds  
to heal and stanch:  
Thou art the world, all form and shape in life  
expressed  
Is thee in varied changing guise, each like the  
rest.

Thou art the fount; the painter takes a drop of  
thee,—

## AND OTHER POEMS

Strange prism that breaks in many hues each  
ray of white.

The sculptor takes, congeals the drop, and lo!  
men see

Stone wondrous-formed to stir their souls with  
beauty's might.

Unknowing, life its fashion has from force of  
thine,

Of thee were born time's deeds and thoughts,  
time's truths sublime.

Thou seest but dim the light that glows, the log  
that burns,

But what thou seest beyond the glow, what  
mortal knows?

Thy secrets have but murmuring lips, and no one  
learns

Save he who, like thyself, to death's gate goes.

Thou art too deep; on rocking-chair, absorbed in  
thought,

Earth blesses thee but breathes in awe, "What  
hath God wrought?"

TO THE DOGMATIST

The College Sport's Philosophy

**S**O luring is the path of flowery joy  
And grim the narrow way of work and toil,  
I wonder why Abe Lincoln trod o'er thorns,  
Where lions lurk and slimy serpents coil!

Give me for weary soul soft wine of ease,  
And let me live where music lulls and calms;  
Where brooks go chattering by with soothing  
song,  
And merry swallows scatter all alarms.

When evening broods and lights are mellow-dim,  
May sweet caresses be my joyful part;  
But let the heart be stone — for when I go  
I would not leave behind one broken heart.

Or let my tired body cushioned lie  
While wreathes of smoke with lazy motion  
rise:  
So worries fade and visions gather thick,—  
Earth's dust angelic wings thru starry skies.

## AND OTHER POEMS

When empty ritual groans o'er chapel seats  
And hollow music unaccompanied weeps,  
Neglected textbooks call and I obey,—  
For conscience lolls 'neath ritual's wing, and  
sleeps.

Some student friends of mine seem glad to work,  
And I am glad they seek truth's golden star :  
Their notebooks are as useful helps as Jowett,  
Their broad and easy backs ride better far.

A glass or so,—no harm can come of that ;  
Why, friend, men high in life drink Indian  
fire.

If others, weaker, follow me and fall  
Am I to blame for their uncurbed desire ?

So let us love and smoke and trot and drink :  
We're here for royal fun and work must wait.  
Let clouds of future ill ne'er cross joy's path ;  
Live on, I say, forget dark threats of fate !

He best treats self and reaps life's richest gains  
Who smiling sucks the honey others build,  
Flings care to winds and flies on freedom's car  
To lands that charm, with wine and pleasure  
filled.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

### A Dream

OFT had I marked her beauty and her grace,  
And marvelled that her garment, white  
as fleece,  
Could brush the grimy woes of dust-stained men  
With healing in its folds, and yet retain  
Its whiteness lily-pure. Now as she moved  
With lofty mien, but hands in blessings rich,  
Among the throng,—I saw the pleading eyes  
Of anguished mothers glad with laughing tears;  
And men who, like Laocoön of Rome,  
Had graven on their face the lines of death,  
Round whom the God-cursed serpent tightly  
wound  
Its evil poisoned strength,—on them I saw  
The look of triumph, as that which once  
Had clasped its slimy length about their forms  
Was turned to dust and scattered by earth's  
winds.

A weazened child, whose twisted body bore  
The ugly marks of Ignorance, Greed, and Lust,

## AND OTHER POEMS

The syllables of whose speech were groans and  
sobs,

Came limping to her gracious side: methinks  
I ne'er shall see again such infinite pain  
And sorrow writ on face of man or god  
As then I saw enshrouded the face of her  
Who long stood silent, gazing on the stem,  
The bent and bruised stem, the broken stem  
Of childhood's blooming, blushing flower. The  
child

In timid, hesitating hope, mayhap  
In doubt lest that unusual sympathy  
Which beamed from out the stranger's suffering  
eyes

Were but another mask for tyrant Industry,  
Reached slowly out to feel her snow-white robe.  
I saw that queen come down from heaven stoop  
And press his fearful frailty close. It was  
As if a pitying angel, passing by,  
Should see a daisy crushed by impious feet,  
And, seeking to restore to God what man,  
Forgetting Beauty, and exalting Use,  
Had idly spurned and trod to earth, should  
breathe

Anew upon the flower the breath of life,  
And lift its drooping head to face the sun.

## TO THE DOGMATIST

For when again the stranger stooped, the lad  
That left her fond embrace was fair to see:  
His limbs, that once were gnarled, now showed  
as straight

As forest pines; his eyes, now tearless, danced;  
Away he gamboled free as running water,  
As gleeful as the colt in new-found pastures.

Thus, Ceres-like, she scattered from her horn  
Of plenty, fruits of power, peace, and joy.  
As lazy clouds, hung black twixt sun and earth  
And casting o'er the world of men dark shades  
Of gloomy night, when Aeolus breathes, move  
swift,

While shadows run before the hosts of light,  
Her coming 'mid the press dismayed the Fiends  
Who long had found delight in chaining men  
With fears, and sowing discords, lust, and hate  
To mock with insolent, leering face the sons  
Of God; and at her voice, as sweet  
And potent as the lyre whose charming song  
Could melt the heart of Pluto and recall  
From Hades loved Eurydice, they fled  
To hide unseen of men, while all the earth  
Was basking in the sun of hope and faith and  
love.

## AND OTHER POEMS

She fed with generous hand the hungry, wan  
And lonely in their squalid huts; of drink  
She freely gave to all whose lips were pale  
And parched with thirst; in her the stranger  
    found

A hostess prodigal of hospitality,  
Who took the friendless in and bade him stay  
Where glowed the fires of kindness and good  
    cheer;

She clothed the naked; they who pined  
In sickness felt her near to bless and fill  
Again the weary flesh with vigor. He  
Who sat imprisoned, nursing dull despair,  
Drew from her lovely presence lively hope.  
Her name was Love. \* \* \* O, would my dream  
    were fact!

For if the love of Him whose life was love  
Expressed in lovely deeds, were given a place  
To dwell among the suffering sons of men,  
We all should be as gods, and Earth were  
    Heaven!

TO THE DOGMATIST

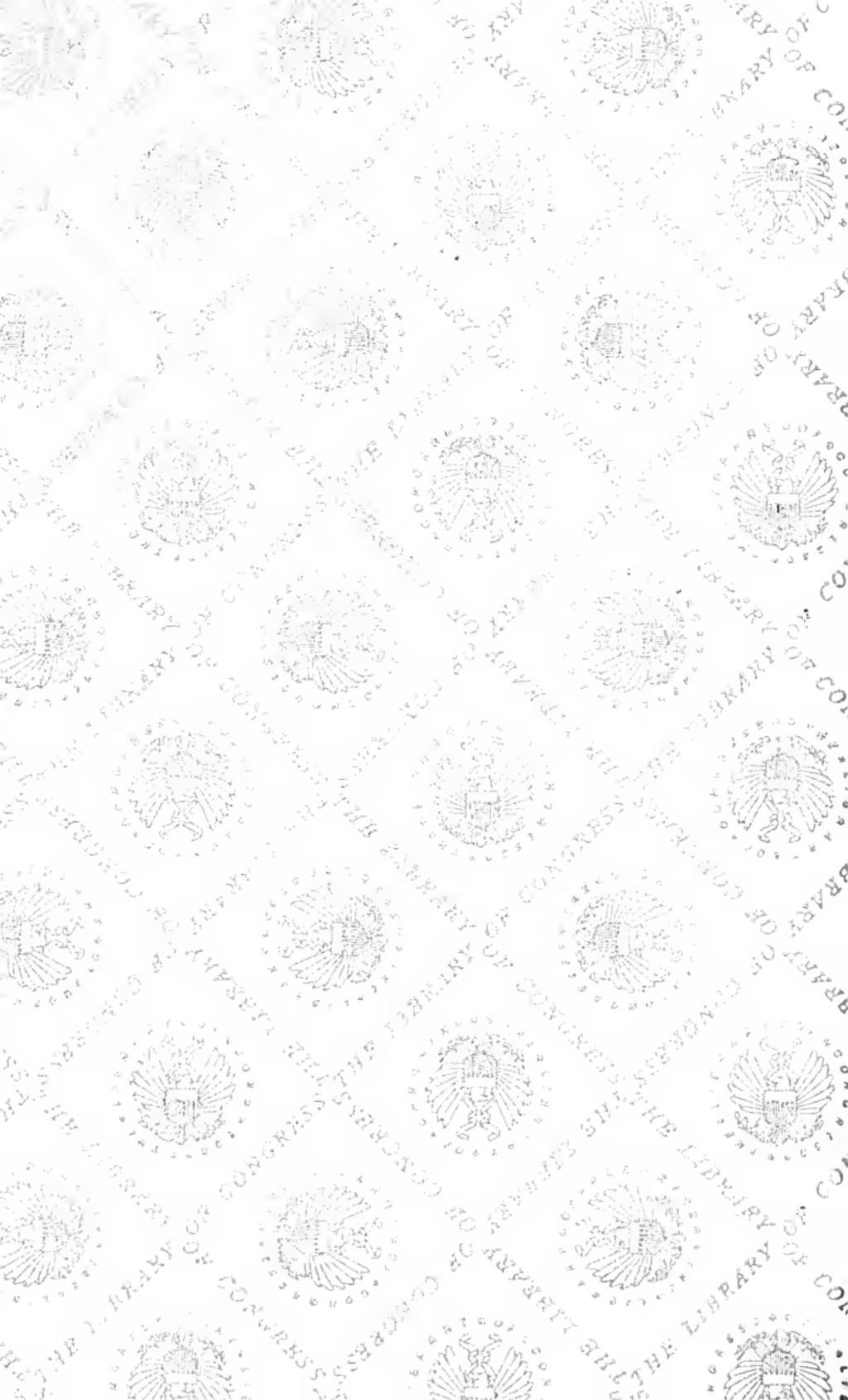
Faith

THEY play me false who in my hopeful  
youth  
I never dreamed could shame their lips with lies,  
Their prayers with fair deceits, their love with  
lust,  
Their lauded alms with ill-concealed desire  
To gain the public eye, or, sadder still,  
To turn the thronging feet of those who praise  
To barter at their counters. Yet to me  
'Tis given to trust that in the hidden years  
Which lie before, the good shall crush the bad;  
The serpent shall release his fangs; the fox,  
Whose cunning is the art of diplomats  
And thieves who rob men's gold and steal the  
gems  
Of Virtue; jungle beasts whose roar and claw  
Beat pruning hooks to swords,—all these must  
come  
To own the reign of Love, the might of minds  
Attune with infinite Beauty, Right, and Truth.









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